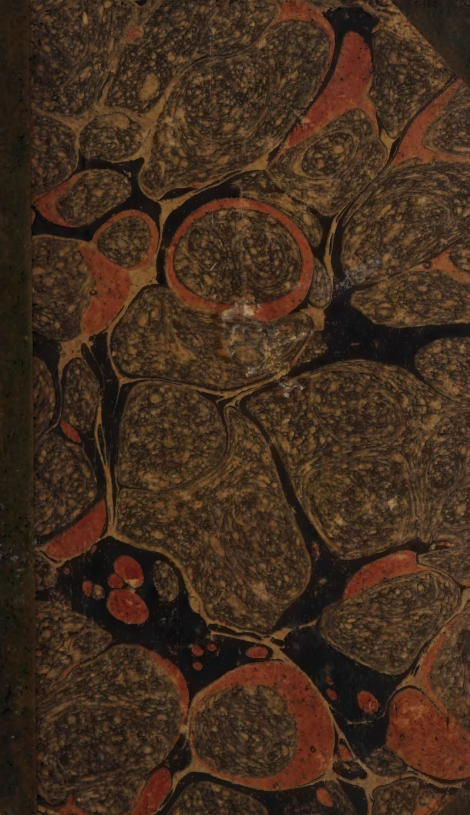






P. Jernison



Portrait of Laurence Sterne by Sir J. Smith

THE
BEAUTIES

OF

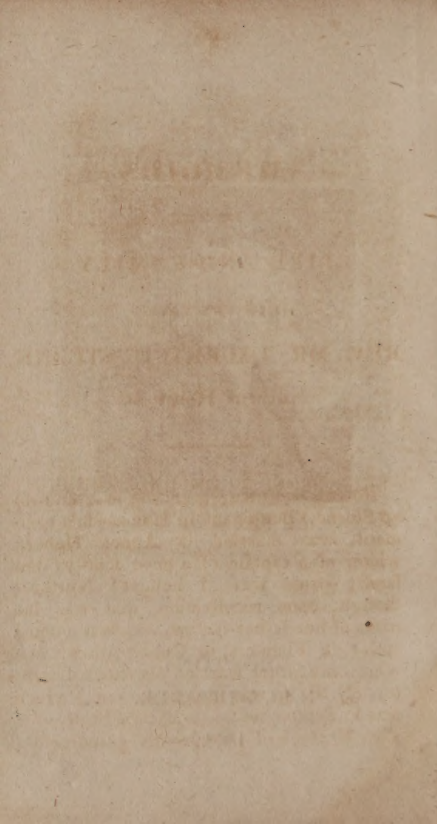
STERNE,

CONSISTING OF

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WORKS.

BOSTON :
N. H. WHITAKER.

1828.



MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE AND FAMILY
OF THE LATE
REV. MR. LAURENCE STERNE,
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

ROGER STERNE, (grandson to Archbishop Sterne,) lieutenant in Handaside's regiment, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of a good family: her family name was (I believe) Nuttle—though, upon recollection, that was the name of her father-in-law, who was a noted sutler in Flanders, in Queen Ann's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter, (N. B. he was in debt to him,) which was in September 25, 1711, Old Style.—This Nuttle had a son by my grandmother

—a fine person of a man, but a graceless whelp—what became of him I know not. —The family (if any left) live now at Clonmel, in the south of Ireland, at which town I was born November 24, 1713, a few days after my mother arrived from Dunkirk.—My birth-day was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day after our arrival, with many other brave officers, broke, and sent adrift into the wide world with a wife and two children—the elder of which was Mary; she was born at Lisle, in French Flanders, July the tenth, one thousand seven hundred and twelve, Old Style.—This child was most unfortunate—she married one Weemans, in Dublin—who used her most unmercifully—spent his substance, became a bankrupt, and left my poor sister to shift for herself,—which she was able to do but for a few months, for she went to a friend's house in the country, and died of a broken heart. She was a most beautiful woman—of a fine figure, and deserved a better fate.—The regiment in which my father served being broke, he left Ireland as soon as I was able to be carried, with the rest of his family, and came to the family seat at Elvington, near York, where his mother lived. She was daughter to Sir George Jaques, and an

heiress. There we sojourned for above ten months, when the regiment was established, and our household decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin—within a month of our arrival, my father left us, being ordered to Exeter, where, in a sad winter, my mother and her two children followed him, travelling from Liverpool by land to Plymouth. (Melancholy description of this journey not necessary to be transmitted here.) In twelve months we were all sent back to Dublin.—My mother, with three of us, (for she laid in at Plymouth of a boy, Joram,) took ship at Bristol, for Ireland, and had a narrow escape from being cast away, by a leak springing up in the vessel. At length, after many perils and struggles, we got to Dublin. There my father took a large house, furnished it, and in a year and a half's time spent a great deal of money.—In the year one thousand seven hundred and nineteen, all unhinged again; the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Isle of Wight, in order to embark for Spain, in the Vigo expedition. We accompanied the regiment, and were driven into Milford Haven, but landed at Bristol, from thence by land to Plymouth again, and to the Isle of Wight—where I remem-

ber we staid encamped some time before the embarkation of the troops—(in this expedition from Bristol to Hampshire we lost poor Joram—a pretty boy, four years old, of the small pox)—my mother, sister, and myself, remained at the Isle of Wight during the Vigo expedition, and until the regiment had got back to Wicklow in Ireland, from whence my father sent for us. We had poor Joram's loss supplied, during our stay in the Isle of Wight, by the birth of a girl, Anne, born September the twenty-third, one thousand seven hundred and nineteen.—This pretty blossom fell at the age of three years, in the barracks of Dublin—she was, as I well remember, of a fine, delicate frame, not made to last long, as were most of my father's babes. We embarked for Dublin, and had all been cast away by a most violent storm, but, through the intercessions of my mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into Wales, where we staid a month, and at length got into Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow, where my father had for some weeks given us over for lost.—We lived in the barracks at Wicklow one year, (one thousand seven hundred and twenty,) when Devijeher (so called after Colonel Deyijehher) was born; from thence we decamped

to stay half a year with Mr. Featherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wicklow, who, being a relation of my mother's, invited us to his parsonage, at Animo.—It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt—the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland—where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me.—From hence we followed the regiment to Dublin, where we lay in the barracks a year. In this year, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one, I learned to write, &c. The regiment was ordered in twenty-two to Carrickfergus, in the north of Ireland; we all decamped, but got no further than Drogheda, thence ordered to Mullengar, forty miles west, where by Providence we stumbled upon a kind relation, a collateral descendant from Archbishop Sterne, who took us all to his castle, and kindly entertained us for a year—and sent us to the regiment at Carrickfergus, loaded with kindnesses, &c.—a most rueful and tedious journey had we all, in March, to Carrickfergus, where we arrived in six or seven days—little Devijeher here died; he was three years old—he had been left behind

at nurse at a farm-house near Wicklow, but was fetched to us by my father. The summer after, another child was sent to fill his place, Susan ; this babe, too, left us behind in this weary journey.—The autumn of that year, or the spring afterward, (I forget which,) my father got leave of his colonel to fix me at school—which he did near Halifax, with an able master ; with whom I staid some time, till, by God's care of me, my cousin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and sent me to the university, &c. &c. To pursue the thread of our story, my father's regiment was the year after ordered to Londonderry, where another sister was brought forth, Catherine, still living, but most unhappily estranged from me by my uncle's wickedness, and her own folly—from this station the regiment was sent to defend Gibraltar, at the siege, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel,—the quarrel began about a goose—with much difficulty he survived—though with a partial constitution, which was not able to withstand the hardships it was put to—for he was sent to Jamaica, where he soon fell by the country fever, which took away his senses first, and made a child of him, and then, in a month or two, walking about

continually without complaining, till the moment he sat down in an arm chair, and breathed his last—which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the island.—My father was a little, smart man,—active to the last degree, in all exercises—most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure—he was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty—but of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design; and so innocent in his own intentions, that he suspected no one: so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose—my poor father died March, 1731—I remained at Halifax till about the latter end of the year, and cannot omit mentioning this anecdote of myself and schoolmaster—He had the ceiling of the schoolroom new white-washed—the ladder remained there—I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brush, in large capital letters, LAU. STERNE, for which the usher severely whipped me. My master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to preferment—this expression made me forget the stripes I had received. In the year thirty-

two my cousin sent me to the university, where I staid some time. 'Twas there that I commenced a friendship with Mr. H—— which has been most lasting on both sides—I then came to York, and my uncle got me the living of Sutton—and at York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years—she owned she liked me, but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together—she went to her sister's in S——, and I wrote to her often—I believe then she was partly determined to have me, but would not say so—at her return she fell into a consumption—and one evening that I was sitting by her with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, “My dear Laurey, I can never be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live—but I have left you every shilling of my fortune ;”—upon that she showed me her will—this generosity overpowered me. It pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in the year 1741. My uncle and myself were then upon very good terms, for he soon got me the prebendary of York—but he quarrelled with me afterwards, because I would not write paragraphs in the newspapers—though he was a party-man, I was not, and detested such

dirty work, thinking it beneath me—from that period, he became my bitterest enemy. By my wife's means I got the living of Stillington—a friend of hers in the South had promised her, that, if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire, when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it. I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places—I had then very good health. Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting were my amusements; as to the squire of the parish, I cannot say we were upon a very friendly footing—but at Stillington, the family of the C——'s showed us every kindness—'twas most truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends. In the year 1760, I took a house at York for your mother and yourself, and went up to London to publish my two first volumes of Shandy. In that year Lord Falconbridge presented me with the curacy of Coxwold—a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton. In sixty-two I went to France, before the peace was concluded, and you both followed me. I left you both in France, and in two years after, I went to Italy for the recovery of my health—and when I called upon you, I tried to engage your

mother to return to England with me,—she and yourself are at length come—and I have the inexpressible joy of seeing my girl every thing I wished her.

I have set down these particulars relating to my family, and self, for my Lydia, in case hereafter she might have a curiosity, or kinder motive, to know them.

As Mr. Sterne, in the foregoing narrative, hath brought down the account of himself until within a few months of his death, it remains only to mention that he left York about the end of the year 1767, and came to London in order to publish *The Sentimental Journey*, which he had written during the preceding summer at his favourite living at Coxwold. His health had been for some time declining, but he continued to visit his friends, and retained his usual flow of spirits. In February, 1768, he began to perceive the approaches of death, and with the concern of a good man, and the solicitude of an affectionate parent, devoted his attention to the future welfare of his daughter. His letters at this period reflect so much credit to his character, that it is to be lamented some others in the collection are not permitted to see the light. After a short struggle with

his disorder, his debilitated and worn out frame submitted to fate on the 18th day of March, 1768, at his lodgings in Bond-street. He was buried at the new burying-ground, belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, on the 22d of the same month, in the most private manner; and hath since been indebted to strangers for a monument very unworthy of his memory; on which the following lines are inscribed:

“Near to this place

Lies the Body of

The Reverend Laurence Sterne, A. M.

Died September 13th, 1768,

Aged 53 Years.

‘Ah! molliter ossa quiescant.’

If a sound Head, warm Heart, and Breast humane,
 Unsullied Worth, and Soul without a Stain;
 If mental Powers could ever justly claim
 The well-won Tribute of immortal Fame,
 Sterne was *the Man*, who, with gigantic Stride,
 Mowed down luxuriant Follies far and wide.
 Yet what, though keenest Knowledge of Mankind
 Unseal'd to him the Springs that move the Mind,
 What did it cost him? ridicul'd, abus'd,
 By Fools insulted, and by Prudes accus'd.
 In his, mild Reader, view thy future Fate,
 Like him despise what 'twere a Sin to hate

This monumental stone was erected by two brother masons ; for, although he did not live to be a member of their society, yet as his all-incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square, they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages. W. & S."

BEAUTIES.

ON WRITING.

WRITING, when properly managed, (as you may be sure I think mine is,) is but a different name for conversation. As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all;—so no author, who understands the just boundaries of decorum and good-breeding, would presume to think all: the truest respect which you can pay to the reader's understanding is, to halve this matter amicably, and leave him something to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourself.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as busy as my own.

THE PRECEPTOR.

You see 'tis high time, said my father, addressing himself equally to my uncle Toby and Yorick, to take this young crea-

ture out of these women's hands, and put him into those of a private governor.

Now, as I consider the person, who is to be about my son, as the mirror in which he is to view himself from morning to night, and by which he is to adjust his looks, his carriage, and perhaps the inmost sentiments of his heart ;—I would have one, Yorick, if possible, polished at all points, fit for my child to look into.

There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and speaking, which argues a man *well within*. There are a thousand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's soul ; and I maintain it, added he, that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room, or take it up in going out of it, but something escapes which discovers him.

I will have him, continued my father, cheerful, faceté, jovial ; at the same time, prudent, attentive to business, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in resolving doubts and speculative questions :—he shall be wise, and judicious, and learned :—And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle tempered, and good ? said Yorick :—And why not, cried my uncle Toby, free,

and generous, and bountiful, and brave?—He shall, my dear Toby, cried my father, getting up, and shaking him by his hand.—Then, brother Shandy, answered my uncle Toby, raising himself off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand—I humbly beg I may recommend poor Le Fevre's son to you;—a tear of joy of the first water sparkled in my uncle Toby's eye,—and another, the fellow to it, in the corporal's, as the proposition was made;—you will see why, when you read Le Fevre's story.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard,—I say sitting, for, in consideration of the corporal's lame knee, which sometimes gave him exquisite pain, when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand;—and the poor fellow's veneration was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle

Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect: this bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes for five and twenty years together——But this is neither here nor there——why do I mention it?——Ask my pen,—it governs me, I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack; 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast:——“*I think,*” says he, taking his hand from his forehead, “*it would comfort me.*”

—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill——I hope in God he will still mend, continued he——we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul; I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and

thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host:—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again.—He has a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him,

as the landlord gave him the account ; and Trim, without being ordered, took them away, without saying one word ; and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

Trim ! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas :——and, besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, it will be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby ; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it :——How shall we manage it ? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal ;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly ; and I will bring your honour a

full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired, at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army, then? said my uncle Toby—He is, said the corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forward, as I learnt it—Then, Trim, I will fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—*Your honour is good*: and having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words.

I despaired, at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to

your honour, about the lieutenant and his son ; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him ;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment,) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But, alas ! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me—for I heard the death watch all night long ;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him ; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of ;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him

best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth ! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend ;—I wish I had him here.

—I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company :—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour ? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely sorry for his father ;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou mightst have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby,)—he was heartily welcome to it :—He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour,) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast ;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I

opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but said not a word good nor bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the corporal—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.——

I thought, said the curate, that you, gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle To-

by.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches : harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day ; harassing others to-morrow : —detached here ;—countermanded there ; —resting this night out upon his arms ; beat up in his shirt the next ;—benumbed in his joints ;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on ; he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I —(for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army)—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray—he prays as heartily as a parson,—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy. Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not :—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be seen who have done their duties in this world,—and who have not ; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby ; and I will show it thee to-morrow :—In the mean

time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one. I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with the story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white handkerchief beside it:—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; —the book was laid upon the bed;—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side: If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's along with them, for his courtesy to me;—if he was of Leven's —said the lieutenant—I told him your

honour was.—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him,—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. —You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing ;—possibly he may my story,—added he,—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so ? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief ;—then well may I. —In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed it twice—Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and, falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed, and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned ;—shall I pour your hon-

our out a glass of sack to your pipe? Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife,—and particularly well, that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what,) was universally pitied by the whole regiment; but finish the story thou art upon:—’Tis finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night: young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders. But alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant’s last day’s march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby’s eternal honour, that he set aside every other concern, and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this!

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,

—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse ; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my unclê Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too :—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim ; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him :—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim ; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, his boy's and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.——

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.——He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world, said the corporal ;—He will march, said my uncle

Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—An't please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave: He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—he shall march to his regiment——He cannot stand it, said the corporal:——He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby:—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly. A-well-a'day—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

——My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and, having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright, the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand

of death pressed heavy on his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?—and, without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature : to this there was something in his

looks and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and to take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back:—the film forsook his eyes for a moment;—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy,—and that *ligament*, fine as it was, was never broken.—

Nature instantly ebbed again,—the film returned to its place—the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped—shall I go on?—**No.**

All that is necessary to be added is as follows—

That my uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

When my uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fevre, and betwixt Le Fevre and all man-

kind,——there remained nothing more in my uncle Toby's hands, than an old regimental coat, and a sword; so that my uncle Toby found little opposition from the world in taking administration. The coat my uncle Toby gave the corporal:—Wear it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, as long as it will hold together, for the sake of the poor lieutenant—And this, said my uncle Toby, taking up the sword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke—and this, Le Fevre, I'll save for thee——'tis all the fortune, my dear Le Fevre, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,—and thou doest it like a man of honour,——'tis enough for us.

As soon as my uncle Toby had laid a foundation, he sent him to a public school, where, except Whitsuntide and Christmas,—at which time the corporal was punctually despatched for him,—he remained to the spring of the year seventeen; when the stories of the emperor's sending his army into Hungary against the Turks, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and, throwing himself upon his knees before my uncle Toby, begged his father's sword, and my uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go

and try his fortune under Eugene——
Twice did my uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, *Le Fevre!* I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me—And twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in sorrow and disconsolation.

My uncle Toby took down the sword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever since the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal to brighten up;—and having detained *Le Fevre* a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to Leghorn, he put the sword into his hand:——If thou art brave, *Le Fevre*, said my uncle Toby, this will not fail thee;—but *Fortune*, said he, musing a little——*Fortune* may—And if she does, added my uncle Toby, embracing him, come back again to me, *Le Fevre*, and we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of *Le Fevre* more than my uncle Toby's paternal kindness;—he parted from my uncle Toby as the best of sons from the best of fathers—both dropped tears—and as my uncle Toby gave him his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand, and bid God bless him

Le Fevre got up to the imperial army just time enough to try what metal his sword was made of at the defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a series of unmerited mischances had pursued him from that moment, and trod close upon his heels for four years together after: he had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook him at Marseilles; from whence he wrote my uncle Toby word, he had lost his time, his services, his health, and, in short, every thing but his sword;—and was waiting for the first ship to return back to him.

Le Fevre was hourly expected, and was uppermost in my uncle Toby's mind all the time my father was giving him and Yorick a description of what kind of a person he would choose for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle Toby thought my father at first somewhat fanciful in the accomplishments he required, he forebore mentioning Le Fevre's name,—till the character, by Yorick's interposition, ending unexpectedly in one, who should be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impressed the image of Le Fevre and his interest upon my uncle Toby so forcibly, he rose instantly off his chair; and, laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands

—I beg, brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, I may recommend poor Le Fevre's son to you—I beseech you, do, added Yorick—He has a good heart, said my uncle Toby—And a brave one too, an't please your honour, said the corporal—The best hearts, Trim, are ever the bravest, replied my uncle Toby. *Tristram Shandy*, vol. 3.

THE PIE-MAN.

Seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, in Versailles, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him, and inquire for the Count de B***'s hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale; and told me it was a chevalier de St. Louis selling *pâtés*—It is impossible, La Fleur! said I.—La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: he had seen the *croix*, set in gold, with its red riband, he said, tied to his button-hole—and had looked into his basket, and seen the *pâtés* which the chevalier was selling; so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him as I sat in the *remise*—the more I looked at him,

his *croix*, and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain—I got out of the *remise*, and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron, which fell below his knees, and with a sort of bib, which went half way up his breast; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his *croix*. His basket of little *pâtés* was covered over with a white damask napkin; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was a look of *proprete* and neatness throughout, that one might have bought his *pâtés* of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither, but stood still with them at the corner of a hotel, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the basket than him, and, having lifted up the napkin, and taken one of his *pâtés* into my hand, I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service, in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the *croix* with it; but that, at the conclusion of the

last peace, his regiment being re-formed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without any provision,——he found himself in a wide world, without friends, without a livre——and indeed, said he, without any thing but this——(pointing as he said it to his *croix*):——the poor chevalier won my pity, and he finished the scene with winning my esteem too.

The king, he said, was the most generous of princes ; but his generosity could neither relieve nor reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *pâtisserie* ; and added, he felt no dishonour in defending her and himself from want in this way——unless Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It seems he usually took his stand towards the iron gates which lead up to the palace ; and as his *croix* had caught the eyes of numbers, numbers had made the same inquiry which I had done——He had told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it

had reached at last the king's ears—who hearing the chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honour and integrity—he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a year.

Sentimental Journey.

THE SWORD.

Rennes.

When states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty are—I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house d'E**** in Brittany into decay. The marquis d'E**** had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve, and still show to the world, some little fragment of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obscurity*—But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light*—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open the way—the *mounting* was too expensive—and simple economy was not a match for it—there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Brittany, this was smiting the root for ever

of the little tree, his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom—But in Brittany there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and, taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the dutchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side—Here, said he, take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the marquis's sword—he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked-for bequests from distant branches of his house——returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition—I call it solemn—it was so to me.

The marquis entered the court with his

whole family : he supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—He put his handkerchief to his face twice.—

—There was a dead silence. When the marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family—he reclaimed his sword.—His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard—’twas the shining face of a friend he had once given up—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place : I could not be deceived by what followed.

“I shall find,” said he, “some other way to get it off.”

When the marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

O, how I envied him his feelings !

Sentimental Journey

MARIA.

—They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the foreglass to hear them more distinctly—'Tis Maria, said the postilion, observing I was listening—Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us,) is sitting upon a bank, playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece, when I got to Moulines.

And who is poor Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postilion—it is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve, than to have her bans forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the parish, who published them——

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—they were the same notes; yet were ten times sweet-

er. It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that service upon it almost night and day.

The postilion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting; she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive-leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her.

—————God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postilion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around for her;—but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the

Virgin will at last restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postilion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprang out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately——

—Well, Maria, said I, softly—what resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *beast* man is,—that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered—and yet I own my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for Wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days—and never—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them—I believe there was a reserve—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor, hapless wretch! Some time, but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and, with broken and irregular steps, walked softly to my chaise.

Tristram Shandy, vol. 4.

MARIA.

Moulines.

I never felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now—to travel through the Bourbonnois, the sweetest part of France—in the heyday of the vintage, when nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up—a journey, through each step of which Music beats time to Labour, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters—to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Just Heaven!—it will fill up twenty volumes—and alas! I have but a few small pages of this to crowd it into

——and half these must be taken up with the poor Maria my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disordered maid affected me not a little in the reading ; but when I got within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to inquire after her.

'Tis going, I own, like the knight of the woful countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures——but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door ; her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth—She had lost her husband ; he had died, she said, of anguish for the loss of Maria's senses, about a month before—She had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road—

—Why does my pulse beat languid as I

write this; and what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postilion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening of the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar——she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand;—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postilion go on with the chaise to Moulines, and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted in a silk net.—She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale-green riband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle: as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked

in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat, for, as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away, as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped hers again—and, as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me to the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale, thin person of a man who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she

added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril——on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had, since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Apennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but *God tempers the wind*, said Maria, *to the shorn lamb*.

Shorn, indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and helter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back—when the sun went down, I would say my prayers; and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe; nor would the sacrifice of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream—And where will you dry it, Maria? said I—I will dry it in my bosom, said she,—’twill do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She said, To Moulines.—Let us go, said I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and, lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet, when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was, nevertheless, of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something

that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that, could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor, luckless maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds.—The Being, who has twice bruised thee, can only bind them up for ever.

Sentimental Journey.

SENSIBILITY.

———Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that is precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon the bed of straw—and 'tis thou who liftest him up to heaven——eternal fountain of our feelings!—'tis here I trace thee—and this is thy "*divinity which stirs within me*"—not that, in some sad and sickening moments, "*my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction*"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself—all comes from

thee, great—great sensorium of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but fall upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.—Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock—this moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!—Oh! had I come one moment sooner!—it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it.——

Peace to thee, generous swain! I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the sharer of it—and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

Sentimental Journey.

THE SUPPER.

A shoe coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Taurira, the postilion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket: as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependence,

I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again, as well as we could; but the postilion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaisebox being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when, coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot. I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and, seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the postilion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster. It was a little farm-house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard—about as much corn—and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house—and on the other side was a little wood, which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house—so I left the postilion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old gray-headed man and his wife, with five or six

sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup : a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table ; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast—'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and, with a respectful cordiality, would have me sit down at the table : my heart was set down the moment I entered the room ; so I sat down at once, like a son of the family ; and, to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and, taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon ; and as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it.

Was it this—or tell me, Nature, what else it was that made this morsel so sweet—and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour ?

If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed was much more so.

THE GRACE.

When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife, to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into the back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their *sabots*: and in three minutes every soul was ready upon a little *esplanade* before the house to begin—The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sofa of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the *vielle*—and, at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now and then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and joined her old man again, as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, for some pauses in the movement, wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity.—In a word, I thought I beheld religion mixing in the

dance—but, as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way: and that, all his life long, he made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice! believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to Heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay.

—Or a learned prelate either, said I.

Sentimental Journey.

ILLUSION.

Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!—Long—long since had ye numbered out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground: when my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rosebuds of delight; and, having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthened and refreshed—When evils press sore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in the world, then

I take a new course——I leave it——and, as I have a clearer idea of the Elysian fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like Æneas, into them—I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido—and wish to recognise it—I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours—I lose the feelings of myself in hers—and those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow—nor does man disquiet himself in vain by it—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only—I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation to fight it upon its own ground.

Sentimental Journey.

LE DIMANCHE.

It was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himself so gallantly arrayed, I scarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montreuil to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop,

and four Louis-d'ors *pour s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same—They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing—I wished him hanged for telling me.—They looked so fresh, that I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy, with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the Rue de Fripperie.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris.

He had purchased, moreover, a handsome blue satin waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered—this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but 'twas clean scoured—the gold had been touched up, and, upon the whole, was rather showy than otherwise—and, as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeezed out of the money, moreover, a new bag and *solitaire*; and had insisted with the frippier upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches' knees—He had purchased muslin ruffles, *bien bordés*, with four livres of his own money,—and a pair of white silk stockings, for five

more—and, to top all, nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sous.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair dressed in the first style, and with a handsome *bouquet* in his breast—in a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and, by combating both together, it instantly struck me, that the favour he wished to ask me the night before was, to spend the day as every one in Paris spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis-à-vis de sa maîtresse*.

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis-à-vis* Madame de R***—I had retained the *remise* on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dressed as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it: I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not *argue*, in these embarrassments—the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with nature, in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and

wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters—no doubt they have set their self-denials at a price—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

*Behold,—Behold, I am thy servant—*disarms me at once of the powers of a master.—

——Thou shalt go, La Fleur, said I.

——And what mistress, La Fleur, said I, canst thou have picked up in so little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said 'twas a *petite demoiselle* at Monsieur le Compte de B*****'s—La Fleur had a heart made for society; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master—so that, some how or other,—but how—Heaven knows—he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair-case, during the time I was taken up with my passport; and, as there was time enough for me to win the count to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his.—The family, it seems, was to be at Paris that day; and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the count's household, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people ! that once a week, at least, are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth.

Sentimental Journey.

THE MONK.

Calais.

A poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies—or one man may be generous as another man is puissant—*sed non quoad hanc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours ; they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves—’twould oft be no discredit to us to suppose it was so : I’m sure, at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied to have it said by the world, “ I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame,” than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

—But be this as it may : the moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predeter-

mined not to give him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him; there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire that was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—Truth might lie between——He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating,—free from all common-place ideas of fat, contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards; but looked, as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows: but it

would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and, as it now stands present to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it.

A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he

had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be their source who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I,—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meager diet—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmantau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate—The monk made me a bow—But of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in dis-

tress upon our own shore—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, no doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal——we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply; a hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry——Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he showed none—but, letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door——Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind

language—I considered his gray hairs——his courteous figure seemed to re-enter and gently ask' me, what injury he had done me, and why I could use him thus—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

Sentimental Journey.

THE MONK.

The good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him crossed my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no.—He stopped, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness; and, having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me—You shall taste mine—said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one)—putting it into his hand—'Tis most excellent, said the monk: Then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor monk blushed as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu !* said he, pressing his hands together—you never used me unkindly.—I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. I blushed in my turn ; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel to analyze.—Excuse me, madam, replied I,—I treated him most unkindly ; and from no provocation. 'Tis impossible, said the lady.—My God ! cried the monk with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him—the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal—the lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining, it was impossible that a spirit so regulated as his could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it.—We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when, in such a circle, you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubbed his horn-box upon the sleeve of his tunic ; and, as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction, he made a low bow, and said 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest—but

be it as it would—he begged we might exchange boxes—in saying this he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me with the other; and having kissed it—with a stream of good-nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom—and took his leave.

I guard this box as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better: in truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own in the justlings of the world: they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits as I am going to add, that, in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where

they had laid him—when upon pulling out his little horn-box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

Sentimental Journey.

FELLOW-FEELING.

There is something in our nature which engages us to take part in every accident to which man is subject, from what cause soever it may have happened; but in such calamities as a man has fallen into through mere misfortune, to be charged upon no fault or indiscretion of himself, there is something then so truly interesting, that at the first sight we generally make them our own, not altogether from a reflection that they might have been or may be so, but oftener from a certain generosity and tenderness of nature which disposes us for compassion, abstracted from all considerations of self: so that, without any observable act of the will, we suffer with the unfortunate, and feel a weight upon our spirits, we know not why, on seeing the most common instances of their distress. But where

the spectacle is uncommonly tragical, and complicated with many circumstances of misery, the mind is then taken captive at once, and, were it inclined to it, has no power to make resistance, but surrenders itself to all the tender emotions of pity and deep concern. So that when one considers this friendly part of nature, without looking farther, one would think it impossible for man to look upon misery without finding himself in some measure attached to the interest of him who suffers it—I say one would think it impossible—for there are some tempers—how shall I describe them?—formed either of such impenetrable matter, or wrought up by habitual selfishness to such an utter insensibility of what becomes of the fortunes of their fellow-creatures, as if they were not partakers of the same nature, or had no lot or connexion with the species.

Sermon iii.

THE, MERCIFUL MAN.

Look into the world—how often do you behold a sordid wretch,—whose strait heart is open to no man's affliction, taking shelter behind an appearance of piety, and putting on the garb of religion, which none but the merciful and compassionate have a title to wear! Take notice with what sanctity he

goes to the end of his days, in the same selfish track in which he at first set out—turning neither to the right hand nor the left—but plods on—pores all his life long upon the ground, as if afraid to look up, lest, peradventure, he should see aught which might turn him one moment out of that straight line where interest is carrying him; or if, by chance, he stumbles upon a hapless object of distress, which threatens such a disaster to him—*devoutly* passing by on the other side, as if unwilling to trust himself to the impressions of nature, or hazard the inconveniencies which pity might lead him into upon the occasion. *Sermon iii.*

PITY.

In benevolent natures, the impulse to pity is so sudden, that, like instruments of music, which obey the touch—the objects which are fitted to excite such impressions, work so instantaneous an effect, that you would think the will was scarce concerned, and that the mind was altogether passive in the sympathy which her own goodness has excited. The truth is—the soul is generally in such cases so busily taken up and wholly engrossed by the object of pity, that she does not attend to her own operations,

or take leisure to examine the principles upon which she acts.

Sermon iii.

SLANDER.

Of the many revengeful, covetous, false, and ill-natured persons which we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man amongst us singles out himself as a criminal, or ever once takes it into his head that he adds to the number?—or where is there a man so bad, who would not think it the hardest and most unfair imputation, to have any of those particular vices laid to his charge?

If he has the symptoms ever so strong upon him, which he would pronounce infallible in another, they are indications of no such malady in himself—he sees what no one else sees—some secret and flattering circumstances in his favour, which, no doubt, make a wide difference betwixt his case, and the parties which he condemns.

What other man speaks so often and so vehemently against the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himself? It is the same with the passionate, the designing, the ambitious, and some other common characters in life ;

and being a consequence of the nature of such vices, and almost inseparable from them, the effects of it are generally so gross and absurd, that, where pity does not forbid, it is pleasant to observe and trace the cheat through the several turnings and windings of the heart, and detect it through all the shapes and appearances which it puts on.

Sermon iv.

HOUSE OF MOURNING.

Let us go into the house of mourning, made so by such afflictions as have been brought on, merely by the common cross accidents and disasters to which our condition is exposed,—where, perhaps, the aged parents sit broken-hearted, pierced to their souls with the folly and indiscretion of a thankless child—the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes and expectations centred:—perhaps a more affecting scene—a virtuous family lying pinched with want, where the unfortunate support of it, having long struggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up against them,—is now piteously borne down at the last—overwhelmed with a cruel blow which no forecast or frugality could have prevented.—O God! look upon his afflictions—Behold him distracted with many

sorrows, surrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares—without bread to give them, unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig ;—to beg, ashamed.

When we enter into the house of mourning such as this, it is impossible to insult the unfortunate even with an improper look—Under whatever levity and dissipation of heart such objects catch our eyes,—they catch likewise our attentions, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work ! how necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities to which the life of man is subject ! By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to see and reflect upon the vanity—the perishing condition, and uncertain tenure of every thing in this world. From reflections of this serious cast, how insensibly do the thoughts carry us farther !—and from considering what we are—what kind of world we live in, and what evils befall us in it, how naturally do they set us to look forwards at what possibly we shall be,—for what kind of world we are intended

—what evils may befall us there—and what provisions we should make against them here, whilst we have time and opportunity! If these lessons are so inseparable from the house of mourning here supposed—we shall find it a still more instructive school of wisdom when we take a view of the place in that more affecting light in which the wise man seems to confine it in the text; in which, by the house of mourning, I believe, he means that particular scene of sorrow, where there is lamentation and mourning for the dead. Turn hither, I beseech you, for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only son of his mother, and she a widow! Perhaps a more affecting spectacle, a kind and indulgent father of a numerous family, lies breathless—snatched away in the strength of his age—torn in an evil hour from his children and the bosom of a disconsolate wife! Behold much people of the city gathered together to mix their tears, with settled sorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house of mourning, to perform the last melancholy office, which, when the debt of nature is paid, we are called upon to pay each other! If this sad occasion, which leads him there, has not done it already, take notice to what a

serious and devout frame of mind every man is reduced, the moment he enters this gate of affliction. The busy and fluttering spirits which in the house of mirth were wont to transport him from one diverting object to another—see how they are fallen, how peaceably they are laid! In this gloomy mansion full of shades and uncomfortable damps to seize the soul,—see, the light and easy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive it is now, how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions, how deeply it is smitten with a sense and with a love of virtue! Could we, in this crisis, whilst the empire of reason and religion lasts, and the heart is thus exercised with wisdom, and busied with heavenly contemplations—could we see it naked as it is—stripped of its passions, unspotted by the world, and regardless of its pleasures—we might then safely rest our cause upon this single evidence, and appeal to the most sensual, whether Solomon has not made a just determination here in favour of the house of mourning; not for its own sake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occasion of so much good. Without this end, sorrow, I own, has no use but to shorten a man's days—nor can gravity, with all its

studied solemnity of look and carriage, serve any end but to make one half of the world merry, and impose upon the other.

Sermon ii.

FRAILITY.

The best of men appear sometimes to be strange compounds of contradictory qualities: and, were the accidental oversights and folly of the wisest man,—the failings and imperfections of a religious man,—the hasty acts and passionate words of a meek man; were they to rise up in judgment against them,—and an ill-natured judge be offered to mark in this manner what has been done amiss—what character so unexceptionable as to be able to stand before him?

Sermon xxxi.

INSENSIBILITY.

It is the fate of mankind, too often, to seem insensible of what they may enjoy at the easiest rate.

Sermon xlii.

UNCERTAINTY.

There is no condition in life so fixed and permanent as to be out of danger, or the reach of change: and we all may depend upon it, that we shall take our turns of wanting and desiring. By how many un-

foreseen causes may riches take wing!—The crowns of princes may be shaken, and the greatest that ever awed the world have experienced what the turn of the wheel can do.—That which hath happened to one man may befall another; and, therefore, that excellent rule of our Saviour's ought to govern us in all our actions,—Whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them likewise.—Time and chance happen to all; and the most affluent may be stripped of all, and find his worldly comforts like so many withered leaves dropping from him.

Sermon xli.

THE DEAD ASS.

And this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead on the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting on a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its

bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them—and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

—He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take *him* from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Jago, in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money—the mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him.—The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and, upon this, told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and they had neither scarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least in the loss of the poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive—but now he is dead, I think otherwise.—I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the

poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself— Did we love each other as this poor soul but loved his ass—'twould be something.

Sentimental Journey.

HUMOURING IMMORAL APPÉTITES.

The humouring of certain appetites, where morality is not concerned, seems to be the means by which the Author of nature intended to sweeten this journey of life,—and bear us up under the many shocks and hard jostlings, which we are sure to meet with in our way. And a man might, with as much reason, muffle up himself against sunshine and fair weather, —and at other times expose himself naked to the inclemencies of cold and rain, as debar himself of the innocent delights of his nature, for affected reserve and melancholy.

It is true, on the other hand, our passions are apt to grow upon us by indulgence, and become exorbitant, if they are not kept under exact discipline, that by way of caution and prevention, 'twere better, at certain times, to affect some degree of needless reserve, than hazard any ill consequences from the other extreme.

Sermon xxxvii.

UNITY.

Look into private life—behold how good and pleasant a thing it is to live together in unity;—it is like the precious ointment poured upon the head of Aaron, that run down to his skirts; importing that this balm of life is felt and enjoyed, not only by governors of kingdoms, but is derived down to the lowest rank of life, and tasted in the most private recesses;—all, from the king to the peasant, are refreshed with its blessings, without which we can find no comfort in any thing this world can give.—It is this blessing gives every one to sit quietly under his vine, and reap the fruits of his labour and industry:—in one word, which bespeaks who is the bestower of it—it is that only which keeps up the harmony and order of the world, and preserves every thing in it from ruin and confusion.

Sermon xli.

OPPOSITION.

There are secret workings in human affairs, which overrule all human contrivance, and counterplot the wisest of our counsels, in so strange and unexpected a

manner, as to cast a damp upon our best schemes and warmest endeavours.

Sermon xxxix.

CAPTAIN SHANDY'S JUSTIFICATION OF
HIS OWN PRINCIPLES AND CONDUCT
IN WISHING TO CONTINUE THE WAR
—WRITTEN TO HIS BROTHER.

I am not insensible, brother Shandy, that when a man, whose profession is arms, wishes, as I have done, for war,—it has an ill aspect to the world ;—and that, how just and right soever his motives and intentions may be,—he stands in an uneasy posture in vindicating himself from private views in doing it.

For this cause, if a soldier is a prudent man, which he may be, without being a jot the less brave, he will be sure not to utter his wish in the hearing of an enemy ; for, say what he will, an enemy will not believe him.—He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend,—lest he may suffer in his esteem :—But if his heart is overcharged, and a secret sigh for arms must have its vent, he will reserve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his true character to the bottom, and what his true notions, dispositions, and principles of honour are : What, I *hope*, I have been in all these.

brother Shandy, would be unbecoming in me to say;—much worse, I know, have I been than I ought,—and something worse, perhaps, than I think: but such as I am, you, my dear brother Shandy, who have sucked the same breasts with me,—and with whom I have been brought up from my cradle,—and from whose knowledge, from the first hours of our boyish pastimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and scarce a thought in it—such as I am, brother, you must by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weaknesses too, whether my age, my temper, my passions, or my understanding.

Tell me, then, my dear brother Shandy, upon which of them it is, that when I condemned the peace of Utrecht, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you should think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that, in wishing for war, he should be bad enough to wish more of his fellow creatures slain,—more slaves made, and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleasure:—Tell me, brother Shandy, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it?

If, when I was a school-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with

it—was it my fault? Did I plant the propensity there? Did I sound the alarm within, or Nature?

When Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Paris-mus and Parismenus, and Valentine and Orson, and the Seven Champions of England were handed around the school,—were they not all purchased with my own pocket-money!—Was that selfish, brother Shandy? When we read over the siege of Troy, which lasted ten years and eight months,—though with such a train of artillery as we had at Namur, the town might have been carried in a week—was I not as much concerned for the Greeks and Trojans as any boy of the whole school? Had I not three strokes of a ferula given me, two on my right hand, and one on my left, for calling Helena a bitch for it? Did any one of you shed more tears for Hector? And when king Priam came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to Troy without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.

—Did that bespeak me cruel? Or, because, brother Shandy, my blood flew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ache for the distresses of war too?

O brother ! 'tis one thing for a soldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to scatter cypress.

—'Tis one thing, brother Shandy, for a soldier to hazard his own life—to leap first down into the trench, where he is sure to be cut in pieces:—'Tis one thing, from public spirit and a thirst of glory, to enter the breach the first man,—to stand in the foremost rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears:—'tis one thing, I say, brother Shandy, to do this;—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miseries of war,—to view the desolations of whole countries, and consider the intolerable fatigues and hardships which the soldier himself, the instrument who works them, is forced (for six-pence a day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear Yorick, as I was by you, in Le Fevre's funeral sermon, *That so soft and gentle a creature, born to love mercy and kindness, as man is, was not shaped for this?* But why did you not add, Yorick,—if not by NATURE,—that he is so by NECESSITY?—For what is war? what is it, Yorick, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of *Liberty*, and upon principles of *Honour*—what is it, but the

getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds! And Heaven is my witness, brother Shandy, that the pleasure I have taken in these things,—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my sieges in my *bowling-green*, has rose within me, and I hope in the corporal too, from the consciousness we both had, that, in carrying them on, we were answering the great end of our creation.

Tristram Shandy, vol. iii.

MERCY.

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—where just occasions presented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter;—nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts:—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly with him; my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:—Go,—says he one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught

at last—as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape:—go, poor devil,—get thee gone; why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold thee and me.

* * This is to serve for parents and governors, instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

Tristram Shandy, vol. i.

INDOLENCE.

Inconsistent soul that man is!—languishing under wounds which he has the power to heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reason, that precious gift of God to him, instead of pouring in oil, serving but to sharpen his sensibilities, —to multiply his pains, and render him more melancholy and uneasy under them! —Poor, unhappy creature, that he should do so!—are not the necessary causes of misery in this life enow, but he must add voluntary ones to his stock of sorrow; struggle against evils which cannot be avoided, and submit to others, which a

tenth part of the trouble they create him would remove from his heart for ever ?

Tristram Shandy, vol. ii.

CONSOLATION.

Before an affliction is digested, consolation ever comes too soon ;—and after it is digested—it comes too late : there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.

Ibid.

THE STARLING.

——Beshrew the *sombre* pencil ! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened ; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the *Bastille* is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the *fossé*—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not a man which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice, which I took to be

of a child, which complained "it could not get out."——I looked up and down the passage, and, seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without farther attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and, looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the starling—God help thee, said I; but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open, without pulling it to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—"No," said the starling—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the *Bastille*; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess! addressing myself to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till NATURE herself shall change—no *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron——with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent——Grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my com-

panion——and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

Sentimental Journey.

THE CAPTIVE.

Paris.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me——

——I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen

no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice:—his children——

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of those little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

Sentimental Journey.

THE DWARF.

I was walking down that lane which leads from the Carousel to the Palais Royal,

and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and helped him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty—Never mind, said I; some good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards the poor, blighted part of my species, who have neither size nor strength to get on in the world.—I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon; and had scarce got seated beside an old French officer at the Opera Comique, ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor, defenceless being of this order had got thrust, somehow or other, into this luckless place—the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on both sides: but the thing

which incommoded him most was, a tall, corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first one side, then the other; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; so he civilly reached up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress—The German turned his head back, looked down upon him as Goliah did upon David—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my monk's little horn-box—And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear monk! so tempered to *bear and forbear*!—how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint!

The old French officer seeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter.—I told him the story in three words; and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife—The German looked back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury sharpened by an insult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of sentiment a party; I could have leaped out of the box to have redressed it—The old French officer did it with much less confusion; for, leaning a little over, and nodding to a sentinel, and pointing at the same time with his finger to the distress—the sentinel made his way to it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance—the thing told itself; so thrusting back the German instantly with his musket—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him—This is noble! said I, clapping my hands together—and yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in England.

In England, dear sir, said I, we all sit at our ease.

The old French officer would have set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance,—by saying it was a bon-mot—and as a bon-mot is always worth some-

thing at Paris, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

Sentimental Journey.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

The corporal——

Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius,—for he was your kinsman :

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness,—for he was your brother.—Oh corporal ! had I thee but now,—now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cherish thee ! thou shouldst wear thy montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I would purchase thee a couple like it ;—but alas ! alas ! now that I can do this in spite of their reverences—the occasion is lost—for thou art gone ;—thy genius fled up to the stars from whence it came ; and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open vessels, compressed into a *clod of the valley* !

But what is this—what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military ensigns of thy master—the first—the foremost of created beings ; where I shall see thee, faithful servant, laying his sword and scabbard with a trembling hand across his coffin, and then turning, pale as

ashes, to the door, to take his mourning horse by the bridle, to follow his hearse, as he directed thee ;—where—all my father's systems shall be baffled by his sorrows ; and, in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold him, as he inspects the lackered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his nose, to wipe away the dew which nature had shed upon them—when I see him cast the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears,—Oh Toby ! in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow.

—Gracious powers ! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain—when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a stinted hand.

Tristram Shandy, vol. iii.

PLEASURES OF OBSERVATION AND STUDY.

——What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life, by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on !

—If this won't turn out something—another will——no matter—'tis an essay upon human nature—I get my labour for my pains—'tis enough—the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses, and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren—And so it is ; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that were I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections—If I could do no better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to—I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection—I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert : if their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

Sentimental Journey.

SLAVERY.

Consider slavery,—what it is,—how bitter a draught, and how many millions have been made to drink it ———which, if it can

poison all earthly happiness when exercised barely upon our bodies, what must it be, when it comprehends both the slavery of body and mind? To conceive this, look into the history of the Romish church and her tyrants, (or rather executioners,) who seem to have taken pleasure in the pangs and convulsions of their fellow-creatures. — Examine the Inquisition, hear the melancholy notes sounded in every cell. — Consider the anguish of mock-trials, and the exquisite tortures, consequent thereupon, mercilessly inflicted upon the unfortunate, where the racked and weary soul has so often wished to take its leave, but cruelly not suffered to depart — Consider how many of these helpless wretches have been hauled from thence, in all periods of this tyrannic usurpation, to undergo the massacres and flames to which a false and bloody religion has condemned them.

— Let us behold him in another light —

If we consider man as a creature full of wants and necessities, (whether real or imaginary,) which he is not able to supply of himself, what a train of disappointments, vexations, and dependencies are to be seen issuing from thence to perplex and make his way uneasy! — How many jostlings and hard struggles do we undergo in mak-

ing our way in the world!—How barbarously held back!—How often and basely overthrown, in aiming only at getting bread?—How many of us never attain it—at least not comfortably,—but from various unknown causes—eat it all our lives long in bitterness!

OPPRESSION VANQUISHED.

I have not been a furlong from Shandy Hall since I wrote to you last—but why is my pen so perverse? I have been to *****, and my errand was of so peculiar a nature, that I must give you an account of it. You will scarce believe me, when I tell you it was to out-juggle a juggling attorney; to put craft and all its powers to defiance; and to obtain justice from one—who has a heart fell enough to take advantage of the mistakes of honest simplicity, and who has raised a considerable fortune by artifice and injustice. However, I gained my point!—it was a star and garter to me; the matter was as follows:

“A poor man, the father of my Vestal, having by the sweat of his brow, during a course of many laborious years, saved a small sum of money, applied to this scribe to put it out to use for him: this was done, and a bond given for the money.—The

honest man, having no place in his cottage which he thought sufficiently secure, put it in a hole in the thatch, which had served instead of a strong box to keep his money. In this situation the bond remained till the time of receiving his interest drew nigh. But, alas! the rain which had done no mischief to his gold, had found out his paper security, and had rotted it to pieces!" It would be a difficult matter to paint the distress of the old countryman upon this discovery;—he came to me weeping, and begged my advice and assistance!—it cut me to the heart!

Frame to yourself the picture of a man upwards of sixty years of age—who having with much penury, and more toil, with the addition of a small legacy, scraped together about fourscore pounds to support him in the infirmities of old age, and to be a little portion for his child when he should be dead and gone—lost his little hoard at once—and, to aggravate his misfortune—by his own neglect and incaution.—“If I was young, sir, (said he,) my affliction would have been light——and I might have obtained it again;——but I have lost my comfort when I most wanted it; my staff is taken from me when I cannot go alone; and I have nothing to expect in future life,

but the unwilling charity of a parish officer." Never in my whole life did I wish to be rich, with so good a grace, as at this time! What a luxury would it have been to have said to this afflicted fellow-creature, "There is thy money—go thy ways—and be at peace."

But, alas! the Shandy family were never much encumbered with money; and I (the poorest of them all) could only assist him with good counsel;—but I did not stop here.

I went myself with him to ***** , where, by persuasion, threats, and some art, which (by the by) in such a cause, and with such an opponent, was very justifiable—I sent my poor client back to his home, with his comfort and his bond restored to him. Bravo! Bravo!

If a man has a right to be proud of any thing,—it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

Letter vi. to his Friends.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

It is the mild and quiet half of the world, who are generally outraged and borne down by the other half of it; but in this they have the advantage, whatever be the sense

of their wrongs, that pride stands not so watchful a sentinel over their forgiveness, as it does in the breasts of the fierce and froward; we should all of us, I believe, be more forgiving than we are, would the world but give us leave; but it is apt to interpose its ill offices in remissions, especially of this kind; the truth is, it has its laws, to which the heart is not always a party; and acts so like an unfeeling engine in all cases without distinction, that it requires all the firmness of the most settled humanity to bear up against it.

Sermon xviii.

HAPPINESS.

The great pursuit of man is after happiness: it is the first and strongest desire of his nature;—in every stage of his life, he searches for it as for hidden treasure; courts it under a thousand different shapes,—and though perpetually disappointed,—still persists, runs after and inquires for it afresh—asks every passenger who comes in his way, *Who will show him any good?* who will assist him in the attainment of it, or direct him to the discovery of this great end of all his wishes?

He is told by one, to search for it among the more gay and youthful pleasures of life, in scenes of mirth and sprightliness, where

happiness ever presides, and is ever to be known by the joy and laughter which he will see at once painted in her looks. A second, with a graver aspect, points out to the costly dwellings which pride and extravagance have erected:—tells the inquirer, that the object he is in search of inhabits there—that happiness lives only in company with the great, in the midst of much pomp and outward state, that he will easily find her out by the coat of many colours she has on, and the great luxury and expense of equipage and furniture with which she always sits surrounded.

The miser blesses God!—wonders how any one would mislead and wilfully put him upon so wrong a scent—convinces him that happiness and extravagance never inhabited under, the same roof; that, if he would not be disappointed in his search, he must look into the plain and thrifty dwellings of the prudent man, who knows and understands the worth of money, and cautiously lays it up against an evil hour: that it is not the prostitution of wealth upon the passions, or the parting with it at all, that constitutes happiness—but that it is the keeping it together, and the having and holding it fast to him and his heirs for ever, which

are the chief attributes that form this great idol of human worship, to which so much incense is offered up every day.

The epicure, though he easily rectifies so gross a mistake, yet at the same time he plunges him, if possible, into a greater ; for hearing the object of his pursuit to be happiness, and knowing of no other happiness than what is seated immediately in his senses—he sends the inquirer there ; tells him 'tis vain to search elsewhere for it, than where Nature herself has placed it—in the indulgence and gratification of the appetites, which are given us for that end ; and, in a word—if he will not take his opinion in the matter—he may trust the word of a much wiser man, who has assured us—that there is nothing better in this world, than that a man should eat and drink, and rejoice in his works, and make his soul enjoy good in labour : for that is his portion.

To rescue him from this brutal experiment—Ambition takes him by the hand, and carries him into the world,—shows him all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them,—points out the many ways of advancing his fortune, and raising himself to honour,—lays before his eyes all the charms and bewitching temptations of pow-

er, and asks, if there can be any happiness in this world like that of being caressed, courted, flattered, and followed.

To close all, the philosopher meets him bustling in the full career of his pursuit—stops him—tells him, if he is in search of happiness, he is far gone out of his way. That this deity has long been banished from noise and tumults, where there was no rest found for her, and was fled into solitude far from all commerce of the world; and, in a word, if he would find her, he must leave this busy and intriguing scene, and go back to that peaceful scene of retirement and books, from which he at first set out.

In this circle too often does a man run, tries all experiments, and generally sits down wearied and dissatisfied with them all at last—in utter despair of ever accomplishing what he wants—nor knowing what to trust to after so many disappointments; or where to lay the fault, whether in the incapacity of his own nature, or in the insufficiency of the enjoyments themselves.

Sermon i.

TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

My heart stops me to pay thee, my dear uncle Toby, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodness; here let me thrust my chair

aside, and kneel down upon the ground whilst I am pouring forth the warmest sentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that even virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's bosom.—Peace and comfort rest for ever more upon thy head!—Thou enviedst no man's comforts, insultedst no man's opinions.—Thou blackenedst no man's character,—devouredst no man's bread; gently, with faithful Trim behind thee, didst thou amble round the little circle of thy pleasures, jostling no creature in the way:—for each one's sorrows thou hadst a tear,—for each man's need thou hadst a shilling. Whilst I am worth one, to pay a weeder,—thy path from thy door to thy bowling-green shall never be grown up—Whilst there is a rood and a half of land in the Shandy family, thy fortifications, my dear uncle Toby, shall never be demolished.

Tristram Shandy, vol. ii.

POWER OF SLIGHT INCIDENTS.

It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind;—and what incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things—that trifles, light as air, shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immove-

able within it, that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it.

Tristram Shandy, vol. ii.

CROSSES IN LIFE.

Many, many are the ups and downs of life: fortune must be uncommonly gracious to that mortal who does not experience a great variety of them;—though perhaps to these may be owing as much of our pleasures as our pains; there are scenes of delight in the vale as well as in the mountain; and the inequalities of nature may not be less necessary to please the eye—than the varieties of life to improve the heart. At best, we are but a short-sighted race of beings, with just light enough to discern our way.—To do that is our duty, and should be our care; when a man has done this, he is safe; the rest is of little consequence——

Cover his head with a turf or a stone,
It is all one, it is all one!

Letter iv. to his Friends.

THE CONTRAST.

Things are carried on in this world sometimes so contrary to all our reasonings, and the seeming probability of success,—

that even the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;—nay, what is stranger still, nor yet bread to the wise, who should least stand in want of it,—nor yet riches to the men of understanding, whom you would think best qualified to acquire them,—nor yet favour to men of skill, whose merit and pretences bid the fairest for it,—but that there are some secret and unseen workings in human affairs, which baffle all our endeavours, and turn aside the course of things in such a manner,—that the most likely causes disappoint and fail of producing for us the effect which we wish, and naturally expected from them.

You will see a man, of whom were you to form a conjecture from the appearance of things in his favour,—you would say, was setting out in the world with the fairest prospect of making his fortune in it;—with all the advantages of birth to recommend him, of personal merit to speak for him,—and of friends to push him forwards: you will behold him, notwithstanding this, disappointed in every effect you might naturally have looked for from them; every step he takes towards his advancement, something invisible shall pull him back, some unforeseen obstacle shall rise up per-

petually in his way, and keep there.—In every application he makes—some untoward circumstance shall blast it.—He shall rise early,—late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness,—yet some happier man shall rise up, and ever step in before him, and leave him struggling to the end of his life, in the very same place in which he first began.

The history of a second shall in all respects be the contrast to this. He shall come into the world with the most unpromising appearance,—shall set forward without fortune, without friends—without talents to procure him either the one or the other. Nevertheless you will see this clouded prospect brighten up insensibly, unaccountably before him; every thing presented in his way shall turn out beyond his expectations, in spite of that chain of unsurmountable difficulties which first threatened him,—time and chance shall open him a way,—a series of successful occurrences shall lead him by the hand to the summit of honour and fortune; and, in a word, without giving him the pains of thinking, or the credit of projecting, it shall place him in a safe possession of all that ambition could wish for.

Sermon viii.

SELFISHNESS AND MEANNESS.

That there are selfishness and meanness enough in the souls of one part of the world, to hurt the credit of the other part of it, is what I shall not dispute against; but to judge of the whole from this bad sample, and because one man is plotting, and artful in his nature;—or, a second openly makes his pleasure or his profit the whole centre of all his designs;—or, because a third strait-hearted wretch sits confined within himself,—feels no misfortunes, but those which touch himself: to involve the whole race without mercy under such detested characters, is a conclusion as false as it is pernicious; and were it in general to gain credit, could serve no end, but the rooting out of our nature all that is generous, and planting in the stead of it such an aversion to each other, as must untie the bands of society, and rob us of one of the greatest pleasures of it, the mutual communications of kind offices; and by poisoning the fountain, rendering every thing suspected that flows through it.

Sermon vii.

VICE NOT WITHOUT USE.

The lives of bad men are not without use,—and whenever such a one is drawn,

not with a corrupt view to be admired,—but on purpose to be detested—it must excite such a horror against vice, as will strike indirectly the same good impression. And though it is painful to the last degree to paint a man in the shades which his vices have cast upon him, yet, when it serves this end, it carries its own excuse with it.

Sermon ix.

YORICK'S OPINION OF GRAVITY.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say, that gravity was an arrant scoundrel; and, he would add, of the most dangerous kind too,—because a sly one; and that he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelve-month, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, there was no danger,—but to itself:—whereas the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;—'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions,—it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it,

viz.—A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind.

Tristram Shandy, vol. i.

THE INTERRUPTION.

When my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother Bobby's death, he was busy calculating the expense of his riding post from Calais to Paris, and so on to Lyons.

'Twas a most inauspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it, by Obadiah's opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeast—and to ask whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning, and ride in search of some.—With all my heart, Obadiah, said my father (pursuing his journey)—take the coach-horse, and welcome.—But he wants a shoe, poor creature! said Obadiah.—Poor creature! said my uncle Toby, vibrating the note back again, like a string in unison. Then ride the Scotch horse, quoth my father hastily.—He cannot bear a saddle upon his back, quoth Obadiah, for the whole world.—The devil's in

that horse ; then take Patriot, cried my father ; and shut the door.—Patriot is sold, said Obadiah. Here's for you ! cried my father, making a pause, and looking in my uncle Toby's face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.—Your worship ordered me to sell him last April, said Obadiah.—Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father—I had much rather walk than ride, said Obadiah, shutting the door.

What plagues ! cried my father, going on with his calculation.—But the waters are out, said Obadiah, opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of Sanson's, and a book of the post-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compasses, with one foot of them fixed upon Nevers, the last stage he had paid for—purposing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as soon as Obadiah quitted the room : but this second attack of Obadiah's, in opening the door, and laying the whole country under water, was too much.—He let go his compasses—or rather, with a mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table : and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to Ca-

lais, (like many others,) as wise as he had set out.

Tristram Shandy, vol. iii.

REFLECTION UPON MAN.

When I reflect upon man, and take a view of that dark side of him which represents his life as open to so many causes of trouble—when I consider how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance—when one runs over the catalogue of all the cross reckonings and sorrowful items with which the heart of man is over-charged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden resources the mind is enabled to stand it out, and bear itself up, as it does, against the impositions laid upon our nature.

Ibid. vol. ii.

EJACULATION.

Time wastes too fast; every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear Jenny, than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—every thing presses on—whilst thou art twisting that lock,—see! it grows gray; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence

which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.

Tristram Shandy, vol. iv.

LIFE OF MAN.

What is the life of man ! Is it not to shift from side to side ?—from sorrow to sorrow ?—to button up one cause of vexation, —and unbutton another ?

Ibid. vol. ii.

TRIM'S EXPLANATION OF THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

———Pr'ythee, Trim, quoth my father, What dost thou mean by *honouring thy father and thy mother* ?

Allowing them, an't please your honour, three half-pence a day out of my pay when they grow old.—And didst thou do that, Trim ? said Yorick.—He did, indeed, replied my uncle Toby—Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue ; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst a hand in the Talmud itself.

Ibid. vol. iii.

HEALTH.

O blessed health ! thou art above all gold and treasure ; 'tis thou who enlargest

the soul,—and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue.—He that has thee has little more to wish for ! and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

Tristram Shandy, vol. iii.

SOLITUDE.

Crowded towns and busy societies may delight the unthinking, and the gay—but solitude is the best nurse of wisdom.

In solitude the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself : in the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one—the flattery of a second—the civilities of a third—the friendship of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to retirement, reflection, and books.

Letter lxxxii.

FLATTERY.

Delicious essence ! how refreshing art thou to nature ! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side ! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart.

Sentimental Journey.

FORGIVENESS.

The brave only know how to forgive ;—it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at.—Cowards have done good and kind actions,—cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes, even conquered ; but a coward never forgave.—It is not in his nature ;—the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and security, and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

Sermon xii.

FAVOURS.

In returning favours, we act differently from what we do in conferring them : in the one case, we simply consider what is best,—in the other, what is most acceptable. The reason is, that we have a right to act according to our own ideas of what will do the party most good, in the case where we bestow a favour ;—but where we return one, we lose this right, and act according to his conceptions who has obliged us, and endeavour to repay in such a manner as we think it most likely to be accepted in discharge of the obligation.

Sermon xiii.

RUSTIC FELICITY.

Many are the silent pleasures of the honest peasant, who rises cheerfully to his labour :—look into his dwelling,—where the scene of every happiness chiefly lies :—he has the same domestic endearments,—as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well,—to enliven his hours and glad his heart, as you could conceive in the most affluent station.—And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and sufferings were to be balanced with those of his betters,—that the upshot would prove to be little more than this,—that the rich man had the more meat,—but the poor man the better stomach ; the one had more luxury,—more able physicians to attend and set him to rights ;—the other more health and soundness in his bones, and less occasion for their help ; that, after these two articles betwixt them were balanced,—in all other things they stood upon a level :—that the sun shines as warm,—the air blows as fresh,—and the earth breathes as fragrant upon the one as the other ; and that they have an equal share in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

Sermon xliv.

DIFFERENCE IN MEN.

Poverty, exile, loss of fame or friends, the death of children, the dearest of all pledges of a man's happiness, make not equal impressions upon every temper.—You will see one man undergo, with scarce the expense of a sigh, what another, in the bitterness of his soul, would go mourning for all his life long:—nay, a hasty word, or an unkind look, to a soft and tender nature, will strike deeper than a sword to the hardened and senseless.—If those reflections hold true with regard to misfortunes,—they are the same with regard to enjoyments:—we are formed differently, —and have different tastes and perceptions of things; by the force of habit, education, or a particular cast of mind,—it happens that neither the use or possession of the same enjoyments and advantages produce the same happiness and contentment;—but that it differs in every man almost according to his temper and complexion: so that the self-same happy accidents in life, which give raptures to the choleric or sanguine man, shall be received with indifference by the cold and phlegmatic;—and so oddly perplexed are the accounts of both human happiness and misery in this world

—that trifles, light as air, shall be able to make the hearts of some men sing for joy ; —at the same time that others, with real blessings and advantages, without the power of using them, have their hearts heavy and discontented.

Alas ! if the principles of contentment are not within us——the height of station or worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.

Sermon xliv.

AGAINST HASTY OPINION.

There are numbers of circumstances which attend every action of a man's life, which can never come to the knowledge of the world,—yet ought to be known, and well weighed, before sentence, with any justice, can be passed upon him.——A man may have different views, and a different sense of things from what his judges have ; and what he understands and feels, and what passes within him, may be a secret treasured up deeply there for ever.——A man, through bodily infirmity, or some complexional defect, which, perhaps, it is not in his power to correct, may be subject to inadvertencies,—to starts,—and unhappy turns of temper ; he may lie open to snares he is not always aware of ; or, through ig-

norance and want of information and proper helps, he may labour in the dark:—in all which cases he may do many things which are wrong in themselves, and yet be innocent;—at least an object rather to be pitied, than censured with severity and ill-will. —These are difficulties which stand in every one's way in the forming a judgment of the characters of others. *Sermon xliv.*

VANITY.

Vanity bids all her sons to be generous and brave, and her daughters to be chaste and courteous.—But why do we want her instructions? Ask the comedian, who is taught a part he feels not. *Sermon xvii.*

AFFECTED HONESTY.

Look out of your door,—take notice of that man: see what disquieting, intriguing and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing—three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble—alas! he has them not.—— *Sermon xvii.*

AFFECTED PIETY.

Behold a second, under a show of piety, hiding the impurities of a debauched life:—he is just entering the house of God:

would he were more pure—or less pious ;
—but then he could not gain his point.

Sermon xvii.

AFFECTED SANCTITY.

Observe a third going on almost in the same track: with what an inflexible sanctitude of deportment he sustains himself as he advances—every line in his face writes abstinence;—every stride looks like a check upon his desires: see, I beseech you, how he is cloaked up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armour at least—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide, to the danger of its rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret—and what is that?—That the saint has no religion at all.

Sermon xvii

OSTENTATIOUS GENEROSITY.

——But here comes Generosity;—giving—not to a decayed artist—but to the arts and sciences themselves,——See!—*he builds not a chamber on the wall apart for the prophet; but whole schools and colleges for those who come after.* Lord! how

they will magnify his name ! 'tis in capitals already ; the first, the highest, in the gilded rent-roll of every hospital and asylum.

—One honest tear, shed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

Sermon xvii

OPINION.

We are perpetually in such engagements and situations, that 'tis our duties to speak what our opinions are—but God forbid that this should ever be done but from its best motive—the sense of what is due to virtue, governed by discretion, and the utmost fellow-feeling : were we to go on otherwise, beginning with the great broad cloak of hypocrisy, and so down through all its little trimmings and facings, tearing away without mercy all that looked seemly,—we should leave but a tattered world of it.

Sermon xvii.

DEFAMATION.

Does humanity clothe and educate the unknown orphan ?——Poverty, thou hast no genealogies ;—See ! is he not the father of the child ? Thus do we rob heroes of the best part of their glory—their virtue. Take away the motive of the act, you take away all that is worth having in it ;—

wrest it to ungenerous ends, you load the virtuous man who did it with infamy :—undo it all—I beseech you, give him back his honour,—restore the jewel you have taken from him—replace him in the eye of the world—

It is too late.

Sermon xvii.

RELIGION.

There are no principles but those of religion to be depended on in cases of real distress ; and these are able to encounter the worst emergencies, and to bear us up, under all the changes and chances to which our life is subject.

Sermon xv.

ELOQUENCE.

Great is the power of eloquence ; but never is it so great as when it pleads along with nature, and the culprit is a child strayed from his duty, and returned to it again with tears.

Sermon xx.

GENEROSITY.

Generosity sorrows as much for the over-matched, as Pity herself does. *Sermon xx.*

CORPORAL TRIM'S DEFINITION OF RADICAL HEAT AND MOISTURE.

I infer, an' please your worship, replied

Trim, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch-water—and that the radical heat, of those who can go to the expense of it, is burnt brandy—the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an' please your honours, is nothing but ditch-water—and a dram of Geneva——and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us spirits, and drive away the vapours—we know not what it is to fear death.

I am at a loss, Captain Shandy, quoth Doctor Slop, to determine in which branch of learning your servant shines most, whether in physiology or divinity.—Slop had not forgot Trim's comment upon the sermon.

It is but an hour ago, replied Yorick, since the corporal was examined in the latter, and passed muster with great honour.

The radical heat and moisture, quoth Doctor Slop, turning to my father, you must know, is the basis and foundation of our being—as the root of a tree is the source and principle of its vegetation, it is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways, but principally, in my opinion, by *consubstantials*, *impriments*, and *occludents*.——Now this poor fellow, continued Doctor Slop, pointing to the corporal, has had the misfortune

to have heard some superficial empiric discourse upon this nice point.—That he has, said my father.—Very likely, said my uncle.—I'm sure of it, quoth Yorick.—
Tristram Shandy, vol. iii.

SOCIETY.

Notwithstanding all we meet with in books, in many of which, no doubt, there are a good many handsome things said upon the sweets of retirement, &c.—yet still "*it is not good for man to be alone*:" nor can all which the cold-hearted pedant stuns our ears with upon the subject, ever give one answer of satisfaction to the mind; in the midst of the loudest vauntings of philosophy, Nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship;—a good heart wants some object to be kind to—and the best parts of our blood, and the purest of our spirits, suffer most under the destitution.

Let the torpid monk seek heaven comfortless and alone——God speed him! For my own part, I fear, I should never so find the way: let me be wise and religious—but let me be man: wherever thy providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to get to thee—give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, how our shadows lengthen as the sun

goes down;—to whom I may say, How fresh is the face of Nature! How sweet the flowers of the field! How delicious are these fruits!

Sermon xviii.

DISSATISFACTION.

I pity the men whose natural pleasures are burdens, and who fly from joy (as these splenetic and morose souls do) as if it was really an evil in itself.

Sermon xxii.

SORROW AND HEAVINESS OF HEART.

If there is an evil in this world, 'tis sorrow and heaviness of heart—The loss of goods,—of health, of coronets and mitres, are only evils as they occasion sorrow;—take that out—the rest is fancy, and dwell-eth only in the head of man.

Poor, unfortunate creature that he is! as if the causes of anguish in the heart were not enow—but he must fill up the measure with those of caprice; and not only walk in a vain shadow,—but disquiet himself in vain too.

We are a restless set of beings; and as we are likely to continue so to the end of the world,—the best we can do in it, is to make the same use of this part of our character, which wise men do of other bad propensities—when they find they cannot con-

quer them,—they endeavour, at least, to divert them into good channels.

If therefore we must be a solicitous race of self-tormentors, let us drop the common objects which make us so,—and, for God's sake, be solicitous only to live we !.

Sermon xxix.

ROOTED OPINION NOT EASILY ERADICATED.

How difficult you will find it to convince a miserly heart, that any thing is good which is not profitable ! or a libertine one, that any thing is bad, which is pleasant !

Sermon xxiii.

DEATH.

There are many instances of men, who have received the news of death with the greatest ease of mind, and even entertained the thoughts of it with smiles upon their countenances ;—and this, either from strength of spirits and the natural cheerfulness of their temper,—or that they knew the world, and cared not for it—or expected a better—yet thousands of good men, with all the helps of philosophy, and against all the assurances of a well-spent life, that the change must be to their account,—upon the approach of death, have still lean-

ed towards this world, and wanted spirits and resolution to bear the shock of a separation from it for ever

Sermon xviii.

SORROW.

Sweet is the look of sorrow for an offence, in a heart determined never to commit it more!—upon that altar only could I offer up my wrongs.

Sermon xviii.

SIMPLICITY.

Simplicity is the great friend to nature; and if I would be proud of any thing in this silly world, it should be of this honest alliance.

Sermon xxiv.

COVETOUSNESS.

To know truly what it is, we must know what masters it serves;—they are many, and of various casts and humours,—and each one lends it something of its own complexional tint and character.

This, I suppose, may be the cause that there is a greater and more whimsical mystery in the love of money, than in the darkest and most nonsensical problem that ever was pored on.

Even at the best, and when the passion seems to seek something more than its own amusement,—there is little—very little, I

fear, to be said for its humanity.—It may be a sport to the miser,—but consider,—it must be death and destruction to others.—The moment this sordid humour begins to govern—farewell all honest and natural affection! farewell, all he owes to parents, to children, to friends!—how fast the obligations vanish! see—he is now stripped of all feelings whatever: the shrill cry of justice—and the low lamentation of humble distress, are notes equally beyond his compass.—Eternal God! see!—he passes by one whom thou hast just bruised, without one pensive reflection:—he enters the cabin of the widow whose husband and child thou hast taken to thyself,—exact his bond, without a sigh!—Heaven! if I am to be tempted—let it be by glory,—by ambition,—by some generous and manly vice: if I must fall, let it be by some passion which thou hast planted in my nature, which shall not harden my heart, but leave me room at last to retreat, and come back to thee!

Sermon xix.

HUMILITY.

He that is little in his own eyes, is little too in his desires, and consequently moderate in his pursuit of them: like another man, he may fail in his attempts and lose

the point he aimed at;—but that is all,—he loses not himself,—he loses not his happiness and peace of mind with it:—even the contentions of the humble man are mild and placid.—Blessed characters! when such a one is thrust back, who does not pity him? when he falls, who would not stretch out a hand to raise him up?

Sermon xxv.

PATIENCE AND CONTENTMENT.

Patience and Contentment,—which, like the treasure hid in the field, for which a man sold all he had to purchase—is of that price that it cannot be had at too great a purchase, since without it the best condition in life cannot make us happy,—and with it, it is impossible we should be miserable even in the worst.

Sermon xv.

HUMILITY CONTRASTED WITH PRIDE.

When we reflect upon the character of Humility,—we are apt to think it stands the most naked and defenceless of all virtues whatever,—the least able to support its claims against the insolent antagonist who seems ready to bear him down, and all opposition which such a temper can make.

Now, if we consider him as standing alone,—no doubt, in such a case, he will

be overpowered and trampled upon by his opposer ;—but if we consider the meek and lowly man, as he is—fenced and guarded by the love, the friendship, and wishes of all mankind,—that the other stands alone, hated, discountenanced, without one true friend or hearty well-wisher on his side :—when this is balanced, we shall have reason to change our opinion, and be convinced that the humble man, strengthened with such an alliance, is far from being so over-matched as at first sight he may appear :—nay, I believe one might venture to go further, and engage for it, that in all such cases where real fortitude and true personal courage were wanted, he is much more likely to give proof of it ; and I would sooner look for it in such a temper than in that of his adversary. Pride may make a man violent,—but Humility will make him firm :—and which of the two do you think likely to come off with honour ?—he who acts from the changeable impulse of heated blood, and follows the uncertain motions of his pride and fury ;—or the man who stands cool and collected in himself ;—who governs his resentments, instead of being governed by them, and on every occasion acts upon the steady motives of principle and duty ?

Sermon xxv.

With regard to the provocations and offences, which are unavoidably happening to a man in his commerce with the world, —take it as a rule, as a man's pride is, —so is always his displeasure ; as the opinion of himself rises, —so does the injury, —so does his resentment: 'tis this which gives edge and force to the instrument which has struck him, —and excites that heat in the wound which renders it incurable.

See how different the case is with the humble man : one half of these painful conflicts he actually escapes ; the other part falls lightly on him : he provokes no man by contempt ; thrusts himself forward as the mark of no man's envy ; so that he cuts off the first fretful occasions of the greatest part of these evils ; and for those in which the passions of others would involve him, like the humble shrub in the valley, gently gives way, and scarce feels the injury of those stormy encounters which rend the proud cedar, and tear it up by its roots.

Sermon xxv.

BEAUTY.

Beauty has so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it ; and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habi-

tation of a virtuous soul, when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the heart and wisdom of the great Creator, something may be allowed it,—and something to the embellishments which set it off;—and yet, when the whole apology is read,—it will be found, at last, that Beauty, like Truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.

Sermon xxiv.

WISDOM.

Lessons of wisdom have never such power over us, as when they are wrought into the heart through the ground-work of a story which engages the passions: is it that we are like iron, and must first be heated before we can be wrought upon? or, is the heart so in love with deceit, that where a true report will not reach it, we must cheat it with a fable, in order to come at the truth?

Sermon xx.

HUNGER.

Of all the terrors of nature, that of one day or other dying by hunger, is the greatest; and it is wisely wove into our frame to awaken man to industry, and call forth his talents; and though we seem to go on

carelessly, sporting with it as we do with other terrors,—yet, he that sees this enemy fairly, and in his most frightful shape, will need no long remonstrance to make him turn out of the way to avoid him.

Sermon xx.

DISTRESS.

Nothing so powerfully calls home the mind as distress: the tense fibre then relaxes,—the soul retires to itself,—sits pensive and susceptible of right impressions. If we have a friend, 'tis then we think of him; if a benefactor, at that moment all his kindnesses press upon our mind.

Sermon xx.

IMPOSTURE.

What a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us! who would divine that—that anxiety and concern, so visible in the airs of one half of that great assembly, should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts, and conduct? What a noise amongst the claimants about it! Behold Humility, out of mere pride;—and Honesty, almost out of knavery:—Chastity never once in harm's way; and Courage, like a Spanish

soldier upon an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.

Hark ! that, the sound of that trumpet,—let not my soldier run,——it is some good Christian giving alms. O, Pity ! thou gentlest of human passions ! soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with so loud an instrument.

Thus something jars, and will for ever jar in these cases.

Imposture is all dissonance, let what master soever of it undertake the part : let him harmonize and modulate it as he may, one tone will contradict another ; and whilst we have ears to hear, we shall distinguish it : 'tis truth only which is consistent, and ever in harmony with itself : it sits upon our lips, like the natural notes of some melodies, ready to drop out, whether we will or no ;—it racks no invention to let ourselves alone, and needs fear no critic, to have the same excellency in the heart, which appears in the action. *Sermon xvii.*

CONTENTMENT.

There is scarce any lot so low, but there is something in it to satisfy the man whom it has befallen ; Providence having so ordered things, that in every man's cup, how bitter soever, there are some cordial drops

—some good circumstances, which, if wisely extracted, are sufficient for the purpose he wants them—that is, to make him contented, and, if not happy, at least resigned.

Sermon xv.

EVILS.

Unwillingly does the mind digest the evils prepared for it by others ;—for those we prepare ourselves,—we eat but the fruit which we have planted and watered : —a shattered fortune,—a shattered frame, so we have but the satisfaction of shattering them ourselves, pass naturally enough into the habit, and, by the ease with which they are both done, they save the spectator a world of pity : but for those, like Jacob's, brought upon him by the hands from which he looked for all his comforts,—the avarice of a parent,—the unkindness of a relation,—the ingratitude of a child, they are evils which leave a scar ; besides, as they hang over the heads of all, and therefore may fall upon any ;—every looker-on has an interest in the tragedy ;—but then we are apt to interest ourselves no otherwise, than merely as the incidents themselves strike our passions, without carrying the lesson further :—in a word—we real-

ize nothing :—we sigh—we wipe away the tear,—and there ends the story of misery, and the moral with it. *Sermon xxii.*

OPPRESSION.

Solomon says, Oppression will make a wise man mad.—What will it do, then, to a tender and ingenuous heart, which feels itself neglected,—too full of reverence for the author of its wrongs to complain?—See, it sits down in silence, robbed, by discouragements, of all its natural powers to please,—born to see others loaded with caresses—in some uncheery corner it nourishes its discontent, and with a weight upon its spirits, which its little stock of fortitude is not able to withstand,—it droops and pines away.—Sad victim of caprice !
Sermon xxii.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Whoever considers the state and condition of human nature, and, upon this view, how much stronger the natural motives are to virtue than to vice, would expect to find the world much better than it is, or ever has been ;—for who would suppose the generality of mankind to betray so much folly, as to act against the common interest

of their own kind, as every man does who yields to the temptation of what is wrong?

Sermon xxxiii.

WISDOM.

There is no project to which the whole race of mankind is so universally a bubble, as to that of being thought wise: and the affectation of it is so visible, in men of all complexions, that you every day see some one or other so very solicitous to establish the character, as not to allow himself leisure to do the things which fairly win it:—expending more art and stratagem to appear so in the eyes of the world, than what would suffice to make him so in truth.

It is owing to the force of this desire, that you see, in general, there is no injury touches a man so sensibly, as an insult upon his parts and capacity: tell a man of other defects, that he wants learning, industry or application,—he will hear your reproof with patience.——Nay, you may go farther; take him in a proper season, you may tax his morals, you may tell him he is irregular in his conduct,——passionate or revengeful in his nature,—loose in his principles;—deliver it with the gentleness of a friend,—possibly he will not only bear with you,—but, if ingenuous, he will

thank you for your lecture, and promise a reformation :——but hint,—hint but a defect in his intellectuals,—touch but that sore place,—from that moment you are looked upon as an enemy sent to torment him before his time, and in return may reckon upon his resentment and ill-will for ever : so that, in general, you will find it safer to tell a man he is a knave than a fool,——and stand a better chance of being forgiven, for proving he has been wanting in a point of common honesty, than a point of common sense.——Strange souls that we are ! as if to live well was not the greatest argument of wisdom ;——and as if what reflected upon our morals did not most of all reflect upon our understandings !

Sermon xxvi.

CORPORAL TRIM'S REFLECTIONS ON
DEATH.

My young master in London is dead ! said Obadiah. A green satin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Susannah's head. Then, quoth Susannah, we must all go into mourning—Oh ! 'twill be the death of my poor mistress, cried Susannah.—My mother's whole wardrobe followed——What a

procession! her red damask,—her orange tawny,—her white and yellow iustrings,—her brown taffeta,—her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns,—and comfortable under-petticoats.—Not a rag was left behind.—No,—she will never look up again, said Susannah.

We had a fat, foolish scullion—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity;—she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.—He is dead!—said Obadiah, he is certainly dead!—So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

—Here is sad news, Trim! cried Susannah, wiping her eyes, as Trim stepped into the kitchen.—Master Bobby is dead and buried,—the funeral was an interpolation of Susannah's—we shall have all to go into mourning, said Susannah.

I hope not, said Trim!—You hope not! cried Susannah earnestly.—The mourning ran not into Trim's head, whatever it did in Susannah's.—I hope—said Trim, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true.—I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered Obadiah. Oh! he's dead, said Susannah.—As sure, said the scullion, as I am alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my

soul, said Trim, fetching a sigh—Poor creature!—poor boy!—poor gentleman!

—He was alive last Whitsuntide, said the coachman.—Whitsuntide! alas! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,—what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan, (for that was the coachman's name,) or Shrovetide, or any tide, or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—and are we not——(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment!——'Twas infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears.—We are not stocks and stones.—Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted.—The foolish, fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

—To us, Jonathan, who know not what want or care is,—who live here in the service of two of the best of masters—(bating in my own case his majesty, King William III., whom I had the honour to serve both in Ireland and Flanders)—I own it, that from Whitsuntide to within three weeks of

Christmas,—'tis like nothing ;——but to those, Jonathan, who know what death is, and what havoc and destruction he can make, before a man can wheel about,—'tis like a whole age.—O Jonathan ! 'twould make a good-natured man's heart bleed, to consider (continued the corporal, standing perpendicularly) how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time !—And trust me, Susy, added the corporal, turning to Susannah, whose eyes were swimming in water—before that time comes round again,—many a bright eye will be dim. Susannah placed it to the right side of the page—she wept—but she courtesied too. Are we not, continued Trim, looking still at Susannah,—are we not like a flower of the field—a tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation—else no tongue could have described Susannah's affliction—is not all flesh grass ? 'Tis clay,—'tis dirt.—They all looked directly at the scullion,—the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle——It was not fair.

—What is the finest face that ever man looked at !—I could hear Trim talk so for ever, cried Susannah—what is it ! (Susannah laid her hand upon Trim's shoulder)—but corruption ? Susannah took it off.

—Now I love you for this—and 'tis the delicious mixture within you, which makes you, dear creatures, what you are—And he who hates you for it—all I can say of the matter is—that he has either a pumpkin for his head—or a pippin for his heart, and whenever he is dissected, it will be found so.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all :—not this . . . added the corporal, snapping his fingers, —but with an air which no one but the corporal could have given to the sentiment. —In battle, I value death not this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor Joe Gibbins, in scouring his gun.—What is he? A pull of a trigger—a push of a bayonet an inch this way or that—makes the difference. Look along the line—to the right—see! Jack's down! well,—'tis worth a regiment of horse to him. No—'tis Dick. Then Jack's no worse. Never mind which,—we pass on,—in hot pursuit, the wound itself which brings him is not felt,—the best way is to stand up to him; the man who flies is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws. I've looked him, added the corporal, a hundred times in the face,—and know what he is. He's nothing, Obadiah,

at all in the field.—But he's very frightful in a house, quoth Obadiah.—I never mind it myself, said Jonathan, upon a coach-box.

I pity my mistress.—She will never get the better of it, cried Susannah.—Now I pity the captain the most of any one in the family, answered Trim.—Madam will get ease of heart in weeping, and the 'squire in talking about it,—but my poor master will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for Lieutenant Le Fevre. An' please your honour, do not sigh so pitcously, I would say to him, as I laid beside him. I cannot help it, Trim, my master would say,—'tis so melancholy an accident—I cannot get it off my heart.—Your honour fears not death yourself.—I hope, Trim, I fear nothing, he would say, but the doing a wrong thing.—Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of Le Fevre's boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his honour would fall asleep.

I like to hear Trim's stories about the captain, said Susannah.—He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said Obadiah, as ever lived.—Ay,—and as brave a one too, said the corporal, as ever stept before a

platoon.' There never was a better officer in the king's army, or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole,—and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people.—He would not hurt a chicken.—I would sooner, quoth Jonathan, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year—than some for eight.—Thank thee, Jonathan! for thy twenty shillings,—as much, Jonathan, said the corporal, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.—I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me,—and could I be sure my poor brother Tom was dead,—continued the corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—were I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the captain.—Trim could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master. The whole kitchen was affected.

Tristram Shandy, vol. iii.

MR. SHANDY'S RESIGNATION FOR THE
LOSS OF HIS SON.

Philosophy has a fine saying for every thing—For Death it has an entire set.

“’Tis an inevitable chance—the first statute of Magna Charta—it is an everlasting act of parliament—*All must die.*

“Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring with us.

“To die is the great debt and tribute due unto nature: tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves; and the proudest pyramid of them all, which wealth and science have erected, has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller’s horizon—Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? and when those principles and powers, which at first cemented and put them together, have performed their several revolutions, they fall back.

“Where is Troy, and Mycenæ, and Thebes, and Delos, and Persepolis, and Agrigentum? What is become of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cyzicum, and Mitylene? The fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon are now no more: the names only are left, and those [for many of them are wrong spelt] are falling themselves by piece-meal to decay, and in length of time will be forgotten, and involved with every thing in a perpetual night: the world itself must—must come to . . .

“Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left.—What flourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence. Remember, said I to myself again—remember thou art a man.

“My son is dead!—so much the better;—’tis a shame in such a tempest to have but one anchor.

“But he is gone for ever from us!—be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald—he is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited—from a banquet before he had got drunken.

“The Thracians wept when a child was born—and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world; and with reason. Death opens the gate of fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it—it unlooses the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman’s task into another man’s hands.

“Show me the man who knows what

life is, who dreads it, and I'll show thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty."

CONTENTMENT.

There are thousands so extravagant in their ideas of contentment, as to imagine that it must consist in having every thing in this world turn out the way they wish—that they are to sit down in happiness, and feel themselves so at ease at all points, as to desire nothing better and nothing more. I own there are instances of some, who seem to pass through the world as if all their paths had been strewed with rose-buds of delight;—but a little experience will convince us, 'tis a fatal expectation to go upon. We are born to trouble; and, we may depend upon it, whilst we live in this world we shall have it, though with intermissions—that is, in whatever state we are, we shall find a mixture of good and evil; and therefore the true way to contentment is to know how to receive these certain vicissitudes of life,—the returns of good and evil, so as neither to be exalted by the one, or overthrown by the other; but to bear ourselves towards every thing which happens with such ease and indifference of mind, as to hazard as little as may be. This is the true temperate climate fitted for

us by nature, and in which every wise man would wish to live.

Sermon xv.

THE TRANSLATION.

Paris.

There was nobody in the box I was let into but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only because I honour the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse ; but that I once knew one—for he is no more—and why should I not rescue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthropy I never think of at this long distance from his death—but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans ; and so I strode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myself beside him.

The officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet—it might be the book of the opera—with a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took his spectacles off, and, putting them into a shagreen case, returned them and the book into his pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilized language in the world—the sense is this :

“ Here’s a poor stranger come into the box—he seems as if he knew nobody ; and is never likely, were he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose—’tis shutting the door of conversation absolutely in his face—and using him worse than a German.”

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud ; and, if he had, I should in course have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, “ I was sensible of his attention, and returned him a thousand thanks for it.”

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this *short hand*, and be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it so mechanically, that, when I walk the streets of London, I go translating all the way ; and have more than once stood behind in the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could fairly have wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when the marquisina di E*** was coming out in a sort of a hurry—she was almost upon me before I saw her; so I gave a spring to one side to let her pass—She had done the same, and on the same side too: so we ran our heads together: she instantly got to the other side to get out; I was just as unfortunate as she had been; for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again—We both flew together to the other side, and then back—and so on—it was ridiculous; we both blushed intolerably; so I did at last the thing I should have done at first—I stood stock still, and the marquisina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her so much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the passage—She looked back twice, and walked along it rather sideways, as if she would make room for any one coming up stairs to pass her—No, said I—that's a vile translation: the marquisina has a right to the best apology I can make her; and that opening is left for me to do it in—so I ran and begged pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying it was my intention to have made

her way. She answered, she was guided by the same intention towards me—so we reciprocally thanked each other. She was at the top of the stairs ; and, seeing no *chichesbée* near her, I begged to hand her to her coach—so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and of the adventure.—Upon my word, madame, said I, when I had handed her in, I made six different efforts to let you go out—And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you enter—I wish to Heaven you would make a seventh, said I—With all my heart, said she, making room—Life is too short to be long about the forms of it—so I instantly stepped in, and she carried me home with her—And what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, I suppose, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connexion which arose out of the translation, gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy. *Sentimental Journey.*

ENMITY.

There is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will ; a word—a look, which at one time would make no impression—at another time wounds the heart ;

and, like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at.

Sermon xvi.

SHAME AND DISGRACE.

They, who have considered our nature, affirm, that shame and disgrace are two of the most insupportable evils of human life: the courage and spirits of many have mastered other misfortunes, and borne themselves up against them; but the wisest and best of souls have not been a match for these; and we have many a tragical instance on record, what greater evils have been run into, merely to avoid this one.

Without this tax of infamy, poverty, with all the burdens it lays upon our flesh—so long as it is virtuous, could never break the spirits of a man; all its hunger, and pain, and nakedness, are nothing to it: they have some counterpoise of good; and, besides, they are directed by Providence, and must be submitted to: but those are afflictions not from the hand of God or nature—*“for they do come forth of the DUST, and most properly may be said to spring out of the GROUND, and this is the reason they lay such stress upon our patience,—and in the end create such a distrust of the world,*

as makes us look ~~up~~—and pray, *Let me fall into thy hands, O God! but let me not fall into the hands of men.*”

Sermon xvi.

CURIOSITY.

The love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same, or at least a sister passion to it,—seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature’s levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forwards the mind to fresh inquiry and knowledge: strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would dose for ever over the present page, and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

It is to this spur, which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling: the passion is no way bad,—but as others are,—in its mismanagement or excess;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for

conversation and discourse—to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the track of nursery mistakes ; and by showing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments,—by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what is *good*—by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what is *sincere*,—and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners,—to look into ourselves and form our own.

Sermon xx.

INJURY.

An injury unanswered, in course, grows weary of itself, and dies away in a voluntary remorse.

In bad dispositions, capable of no restraint but fear—it has a different effect—the silent digestion of one wrong provokes a second.

Sermon xiv.

INSOLENCE.

The insolence of base minds in success is boundless, and would scarce admit of a comparison, did not they sometimes furnish us with one, in the degrees of their abjection when evil returns upon them—the same poor heart which excites ungenerous tempers to triumph over a fallen adversary,

in some instances seems to exalt them above the point of courage, sinks them in others even below cowardice.—Not unlike some little particles of matter struck off from the surface of the dirt by sunshine—dance and sport there whilst it lasts—but the moment 'tis withdrawn—they fall down—for dust they are—and unto dust they will return—whilst firmer and larger bodies preserve the stations which nature has assigned them, subjected to laws which no changes of weather can alter.

Sermon xxi.

APPLICATION OF RICHES.

How God did intend them,—may as well be known from an appeal to your own hearts, and the inscription you shall read there,—as from any chapter and verse I might cite upon the subject. Let us then for a moment turn our eyes that way, and consider the traces which even the most insensible man may have proof of, from what we may perceive springing up within him from some casual act of generosity; and though this is a pleasure which properly belongs to the good, yet let him try the experiment;—let him comfort the captive, or cover the naked with a garment, and he will feel what is meant by that

moral delight arising in the mind from the conscience of a humane action.

But to know it right we must call upon the compassionate ; cruelty gives evidence unwillingly, and feels the pleasure but imperfectly ; for this, like all other pleasures, is of a relative nature, and consequently the enjoyment of it requires some qualification in the faculty, as much as the enjoyment of any other good does :—there must be something antecedent in the disposition and temper which will render that good,—a good to that individual ; otherwise, though 'tis true it may be possessed,—yet it never can be enjoyed.

Sermon xxiii.

THE END.





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